

JOHNSON SEEKS A FIGHT MANY WOMEN IN WILD RIOT

**FINAL
RESULTS
EDITION**
GREEN EDITION

WEATHER—Fair to-night and Tuesday.

**FINAL
RESULTS EDITION**

The



World.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1909.

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"MY \$5,000 IS UP; I AM HERE TO FIGHT JEFF," SAYS JOHNSON

Negro Champion's Announcement at First Show Here Is Greeted With Retorts of "How About Ketchel?" From Audience.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

Jack Johnson, the world's champion heavyweight, made his theatrical debut on Broadway this afternoon. The interior decorations of Hammerstein's Victoria were black. Johnson punched the bag and sparred three one-minute rounds with Kid Cutler, but the audience failed to enthuse. Then Johnson made a speech. He said:

"I came here to make a match with Jeffries. I have posted \$5,000 to meet him."

"How about Ketchel?" rose a voice from the audience. "Yes, why don't you fight Ketchel?" half a dozen cried.

"I want to fight Jeffries," said Johnson.

"The newspapers are not fair to me," protested Johnson. "They keep prying into my private affairs."

Ovation at Station.

The Grand Central Station had a dusky hue at 10 this morning, when the Twentieth Century Limited rolled in, bringing Jack Johnson from Chicago. Thousands of Gotham citizens, shouting African descent packed the corridors and the baggage rooms. Outside, in the streets, a dozen automobiles and sight-seeing cars were lined up, each packed with negroes waving flags and sporting gay colors. It looked for all the world like an immense minstrel troupe out of a job.

Johnson, champion of the world since he defeated Tommy Burns in Australia, hopped off the train accompanied by his wife, his new manager and a couple of handlers. Texas Jack wore a gray overcoat, a small round derby hat that sat up on top of his sugar-loaf shaped head like a walnut on a pine cone, and a wide, expensive smile. Smile Threatened His Sculp.

The party started for the gates and was pushed back by the first rush of the crowd. Johnson was in a seventh heaven of delight. His smile grew and grew until it stretched so far that the top of his head was in danger of falling off. In the station the police worked hard to clear a passageway. At last they succeeded and the colored champion's party reached the sidewalk. As the first burst of cheering started, with an accompaniment by a brass band in a sight-seeing wagon, Johnson bobbed his head up and down and lifted his little round derby.

Straight across the street from the exit was Sam Langford, clad in a wide shouldered gray coat and a brown derby, and grinning from ear to ear. Sam had been standing on a wagon for an hour, waiting to have the first look at the man who crawled out of the look at him at the National Sporting Club, of London. At first he looked as if he had some intention of taking a wallop at Johnson upon the black champion's first appearance. But as the band played and the flags waved and the cheers and snatches of coon songs went around, Langford cheered up and, with true African lightness, switched into a rooster. After all, Johnson was a man of his own color.

Parade Through Tenderloin.

Now the fun began. The dusky champion and his party were rushed into an automobile. There, jammed so tight the wheels could not turn around, the auto was stalled for a few minutes. Johnson stood up and took off his hat and all darktown yelled. The smile grew alarmingly expansive. It showed from behind as well as in front. But before the consequences were fatal the champ's auto started, and with the big brass band playing right behind and a dozen minstrel troupes flanking and whooping in the rear, the procession started off across town on Forty-second street, thence down Broadway and around the circuit of the Tenderloin.

As the sightseeing autos were going over Thirty-fifth street on their way to Wilkins's James J. Cross, forty years old, of No. 302 West Fourth street, a negro waiter who was one of the reception party, fell from the running board of one of the cars and the rear wheel passed over his left thigh and right ankle, breaking both. He had been waving a flag and shouting "Where's Jeffries?" Dr. Monroe took him to the New York hospital.

HEART ON RIGHT SIDE, HIS DISEASE PUZZLED DOCTORS

Stomach Also Misplaced in
Body of Tailor Who
Lived 37 Years.

An autopsy on the body of a man recently taken to the German Hospital, Brooklyn, supposedly suffering from an aggravated case of pneumonia, to-day showed that his heart was located on the right side of the body, while the stomach was found at the extreme left side.

Michael Rifeleco, a tailor, thirty-seven years old, who, with his wife and four children, lived at No. 145 Saratoga avenue, Brooklyn, had long complained of acute indigestion. He treated himself for weeks, but on Saturday his breathing became so difficult that he called in a physician.

The physician diagnosed the case as pneumonia and ordered the tailor's removal to the hospital. The sufferer lost consciousness soon after his arrival, and although every treatment generally applied in pneumonia was utilized, the patient failed to respond and died yesterday afternoon.

Coroner's Physician Wuest performed an autopsy in the presence of the entire staff of the hospital and several visiting physicians. It was found that the heart rested at the right side of the body. Its valves had been rendered practically useless by the intesities that had been pushed up against them by the malformation of the stomach, which was found on the opposite side.

The patient had been smothered to death.

STEAMSHIP RIO GRANDE AGROUND NEAR MOBILE.

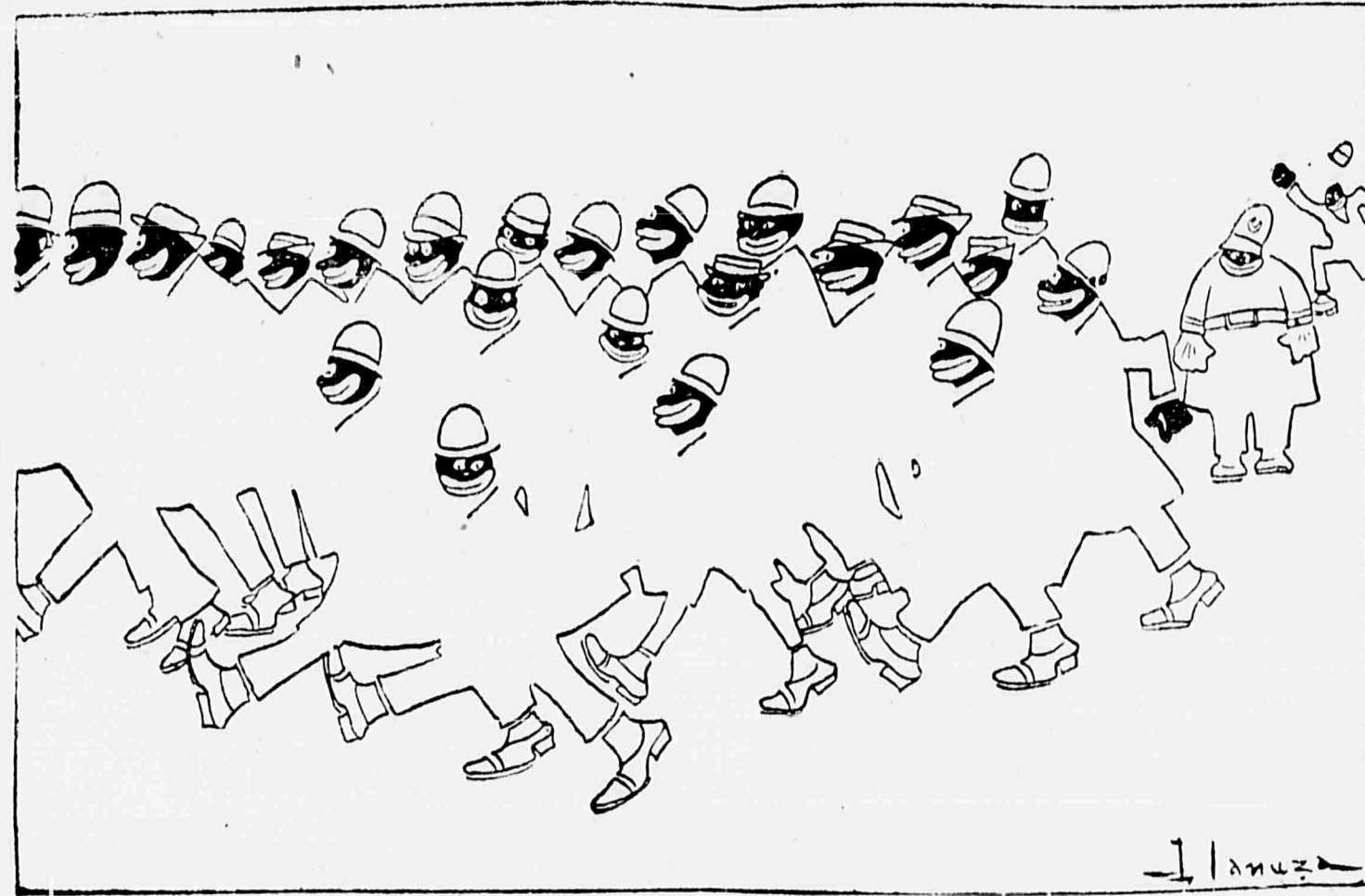
MOBILE, March 29.—The Mallory line steamship Rio Grande, out-bound to-day for New York, went aground in Mobile River hard and fast, an dit may be necessary to discharge her cargo before she can proceed.

ZEPPELIN UP 6,000 FEET.

Aeronaut Makes Record Flight in His Airship.

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, March 29.—The Zeppelin airship made a successful flight to-day to a height of 6,000 feet, the greatest altitude yet reached. The landing also was successful. The airship recently made several successful landings in an open field with a crew of twenty-six men on board.

GUESS WHO'S IN TOWN.



BABY PLAYING "MOTHER" SETS DRESS ON FIRE

Mrs. Spicer's Child Fatally
Burned in Spite of Frantic
Efforts to Save Her.

With her two-year-old baby which was enveloped in flames, wrapped in her arms, Mrs. Katherine Spicer dashed from her home to a nearby drug store early to-day. Assisted by a number of persons who had followed her, she beat out the fire, but not until the child had been fatally burned.

Mrs. Spicer is the landlady of the five-story tenement at No. 418 East Seventy-ninth street. Shortly before 7 A. M. she left her little girls, Rose and Bertha, aged two and five years respectively, in the kitchen of her basement flat, while she went up stairs to sweep off the sidewalk.

Bertha proposed that they play "Mother," and set to work to prepare Rose's breakfast. Rose became so interested in the preparation of the morning meal that she stood too close to the gas range and her little frock caught fire.

Screaming with fright, the child dashed up the steps to the first floor, and there she was met by Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, who with their five children occupy a flat on that floor. They seized the child, and were about to wrap her up in blankets when Mrs. Spicer, hearing her baby's cries, ran in from the street. Seizing the child in her arms, she dashed off to James Kirkeley's drug store, at No. 1155 First avenue.

A crowd, hearing the screams of the mother and child, followed, and arriving at the drug store, which was closed, they set to work to extinguish the flames which were playing about the two.

The child was so badly burned that the flesh dropped off in flakes from her waist to her knees, and it was apparent to all that she had little or no chance to recover. Her face was burned beyond recognition, but all the while she cried piteously to her mother to save her.

Mrs. Spicer was badly burned about the hands, arms and breast. With her little girl she was placed in a Presbyterian Hospital ambulance by Dr. Santee and taken to the hospital. The child died this afternoon but the mother will recover.

A few months ago the husband of Mrs. Spicer, while in a delirium of fever, leaped from a third floor window and was killed. Left alone with seven children to support, Mrs. Spicer looked about her for work and two weeks ago procured the place of janitress at the East Seventy-ninth street tenement. Five of her children she placed in a home, but her two babies, Bertha and Rose—she kept with her.

GIRL PLUNGES THROUGH SKYLIGHT, HITS MAN IN BED

Trying to Get Into Room
Through Window, Falls
Two Floors.

PATERSON, N. J., March 29.—Miss Sadie Bell, eighteen years old, of No. 16 Market street, is in the General Hospital suffering from injuries received early this morning while she was trying to get into her home.

Miss Bell visited friends last evening and reached her home at midnight. The young man who had accompanied her said good night and left her at the door. Miss Bell expected to find the door open, but it was locked. She rang the bell, but there was no answer. Repeated ringing failed to arouse the sleeping inmates, and the girl became frightened at the prospect of having to remain outdoors all night.

After she had tried for nearly an hour to awaken some one in the house she decided to try to get into the house through a window. Her room is in the rear of the third floor and it is possible to reach a window opening in the rear from the porch.

While stepping from the porch to the window sill the girl lost her balance and fell. She went through a skylight and landed on a bed in which a man was sleeping in a room on the first floor. The man escaped injury, but was badly frightened.

An ambulance was called and Miss Bell, who was suffering severely from shock, was hurried to the hospital. It was found that her left knee was broken and that she had lacerations of the legs, face and body. She will recover.

FLORIDA RESULTS.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 29.—The races to-day resulted as follows:

FIRST RACE—Five furlongs.—Lamp Trimmer, 105 (Chartrand), 20 to 1, 5 to 1 and 4 to 1, first by two lengths; Separator, 109 (P. Burnton), 19 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, second; Calabash, 100 (Franklin), 20 to 1, 5 to 1 and 4 to 1, third. Time—1:25.5.

SECOND RACE—One mile.—Jeanette, 110 (M. Lusk), 10 to 1, 5 to 1 and 4 to 1, first by a head; Oriani, 84 (Hannan), 1 to 1, 5 to 1 and 2 to 1, second; St. Abe, 112 (T. J. Lusk), 10 to 1, 5 to 1 and 4 to 1, third. Time—1:54.5.

THIRD RACE—Six furlongs.—Siskin, 100 (Orin), 7 to 2, 5 to 1 and 2 to 1, won by a nose; Halifax, 107 (Harvey), 1 to 1, 1 to 1 and 1 to 1, second; John Garner, 111 (M. Lusk), 10 to 1, 5 to 1 and 4 to 1, third. Time—1:24.5.

FOURTH RACE—One mile.—Jeanette, 110 (M. Lusk), 10 to 1, 5 to 1 and 4 to 1, first by a head; Oriani, 84 (Hannan), 1 to 1, 5 to 1 and 2 to 1, second; St. Abe, 112 (T. J. Lusk), 10 to 1, 5 to 1 and 4 to 1, third. Time—1:54.5.

BEVERIDGE LEAVES SENATORIAL.

BALTIMORE, March 29.—Senator A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana, left Johns Hopkins Hospital to-day, after having been a patient there for several weeks. Senator Beveridge, who underwent a surgical operation, was reported to be in excellent health to-day.

JOHN D. TIRES OF ONE OF HIS FINE CHARITIES

Rockefeller About to With-
draw His Support of West
Side Neighborhood House.

John D. Rockefeller has notified the steering committee of the West Side Neighborhood House, which he founded and has since supported, that they must find some persons or persons who will assume the annual burden of \$25,000 to keep the institution alive, as he is no longer disposed to make this yearly outlay. In consequence there is grave danger of the collapse of one of the most far-reaching charitable organizations on the west side of Manhattan.

John D. Rockefeller erected the West Side Neighborhood House on a plot of ground he owned at Tenth avenue and Fifteenth street about ten years ago. It was equipped with everything that such an institution should have and it has been estimated that at least 10,000 boys and girls annually avail themselves of its advantages.

Its day and night nurseries proved to be a veritable boon for poor mothers in the neighborhood, and its library contained a wealth of valuable information for those in quest of knowledge whose circumstances would not permit them to purchase the books they needed.

When Rockefeller founded the institution it was with the understanding that the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of which he is a member, was to operate the house and pay all its running expenses. Three years ago the members of the church arrived at the conclusion that this was too great a burden for the church to assume, and they notified Mr. Rockefeller.

Rev. Willard S. Richardson, associate pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, was made chairman of a committee of ten, and they continued the work.

Recently Mr. Rockefeller signified to Mr. Richardson that the affairs of the settlement, and especially its finances, had become irksome to him. He wanted either some person or charitable organization to take the burden from his shoulders and assume all or a part of the operating expenses. He had no idea of reclaiming the property, he explained, but he did not feel that he should continue to put up each year the \$25,000 with which to operate the settlement, in addition to what he had already done.

WESTON PEGS ALONG.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y., March 29.—Edward Payson Weston arrived here shortly after 10 o'clock this morning on his way to the Pacific Coast. After dining he left for Ocean, which place he expects to reach about 5 P. M.

Five New Turkish Baths
now open in the new Pulitzer Building. Only first-class Johnson establishment. Modern in every detail. Electric and Turkish baths at all hours. Massages and chiropodists, and barber shop, open day and night.

ARREST OF WOMAN AS PICKPOCKET STARTS A RIOT

Hundreds of Shoppers in Wild
Panic as Detectives Chase
Fleeing Prisoner.

The arrest of two young well-dressed women on a charge of picking pockets in a Fulton street, Brooklyn, department store late this afternoon almost caused a riot at the corner of Fulton street and Platt street.

Shoppers who saw a woman store detective felled by a silver mesh purse in the hands of one of the alleged pickpockets surged forward and tried to tear her weapon from her hands. The reserves had to be summoned before the police could get their prisoners to Headquarters. Incidentally one of the women arrested broke from her captors and ran, with her light blond hair streaming out behind her, for several blocks before she was captured. In the wild riot hundreds of women had their clothes almost ripped from their backs and not a few men were roughly handled by the police.

The melee completely suspended all traffic on Fulton street while it lasted. To add to the turmoil, the matinee crowd from a Fulton street vaudeville theatre became involved in the mob. The trouble started when two women, who were shopping, saw a store detective follow them and noticed two other women following a well-dressed customer from counter to counter.

The detectives said at Headquarters later they noticed the two women were shadowing a man who had been seen in the crowd. The woman who was followed to the street and went up to Detective James D. Reynolds, of the Brooklyn Central Office, and told him of their suspicions.

Reynolds followed the two suspects for several blocks till they reached the Fulton street and Flatbush avenue. Then he stepped up and told them they were under arrest.

"Oh, we are, are we? Take that," cried the younger of the two women, aiming a blow at May Stillings, one of the women store detectives. The mesh purse she held out a deep gash in Miss Stillings's forehead and she fell to the sidewalk. In a flash, however, she was on her feet and pointed in the chase of her assailant, who dashed up Fulton street. After a chase of three blocks Reynolds caught by Detective Reynolds.

During the chase the other woman had been held by Policeman Gallagher. The crowd surged about and threatened the policeman, who held them at bay with his club. So threatening did the mob become that the police were obliged to finally turn in a call for the reserves. With Detective Reynolds the crowd then battled his way through the crowd. There were cries of "Shame!" as the policemen and their screaming, hysterical prisoners, made their way through the mob.

Finally followed by a hoisting, yelling mob of men and women, at least six hundred strong, the police managed to land their prisoners at Police Headquarters.

There the younger of the two gave her name and address as Helen Arthur, twenty years old, of No. 42 West Seventy-second street, Manhattan. She said she was a magazine writer. The other, the woman who knocked down the store detective, said she was Mary Ray, twenty-six years old, of No. 128 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, Manhattan. Both women said they were innocent of the charge.

WITHOUT FLINCHING FIVE WOMEN SEE MRS. FARMER DIE

Agnes Baird, One of Those Who Underwent Terrible Ordeal at Call of Duty, Describes Scene in Execution Chamber for Evening World.

IN SWORN CONFSSION, WOMAN
SAYS HUSBAND IS INNOCENT.

Autopsy Shows She Was Physically Normal and Perfectly Sane—Meets Her Fate Calmly With Prayer on Her Lips.

When Mary Farmer went to the electric chair at Auburn Prison to-day for the murder of age 1 Sarah Brennan three women were present as witnesses, while two others, the regular prison attendants, escorted the condemned woman to the death chamber.

The witnesses were Dr. Helen M. Westfall, of Moravia, N. Y., and two nurses, Agnes Baird, of Troy, and Miss Margaret T. Byrne, of Auburn. The story of the execution is thus told by Miss Baird in a special despatch to The Evening World:

By Agnes Baird.
(Special to The Evening World.)

AUBURN, March 29.—It was hardly daylight when silent, dark-eyed men and three women, two nurses and a doctor, took their station in Warden Benham's office. Few words were spoken. A door opened, and the group walked silently behind the Warden to the death chamber. A deputy warden asked the witness to be seated.

At once every eye was fastened on the chair. Hardly had all been seated than State Electrician Davis appeared from his small cage back of the chair, his assistant, E. B. Currier, aiding in making ready for the final test. Thirty incandescent bulbs were placed in a board and then put on the arms of the chair. Then the dynamos seemed to hum a weirdly, plaintive note of death. Everything was all right.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR FALLS INTO RIVER

McGuire Is Rescued Almost
Exhausted and With a Bad
Wound on Head.

James McGuire, a Customs Inspector, fifty-five years old, while boarding the steamship Anita at pier 11 East River, fell from the gangplank into the water.

It came, but came up almost at once and shouted for help. He could swim, but he was getting weak from the shock and exposure when aid arrived.

Daniel Falls, of No. 305 Water street, who was not far from the scene, secured a rope and passed one end down to McGuire, but the latter was so clumsy in his attempt to secure the line about him that Falls sprang overboard and landed in the river.

Two deckhands, Andrew Viola and Peter Franco assisted in dragging him out. He was rushed to St. Gregory's Hospital, where a severe scalp wound was dressed. He had struck his head on the pier in falling. McGuire lives at No. 125 West Ninety-fifth street.

THE LAS. MOMENTS.

Everything was then in readiness. The incidents were passing rapidly. Her arms were strapped, electrodes were snapped to leg, arm and head in seconds, the women witnesses instinctively shielding the murderers from the gaze of the male witnesses, as the electrodes were adjusted.

All the time the woman's voice reached the walls of the well illuminated death chamber, alternating now with Father Hickey's quickly falling chants. Then the executioner, Mr. Davis, stood all away.

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